THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 25, 1809.

Beautiful Scenery along the Banks of the Loire.

[Extracted from Pinkney's Travels in the South of France, just published.]

HAVING seen enough of Nantes, and exchanged our coach for a kind of open barouche, particularly adapted for the French cross roads, being very narrow, and composed entirely of cane, with removable wheels, so as to take to pieces in an instant, we resumed the line of our tour, and took the road along the Loire for Ancennis.

It was a beautiful morning, and there being a fair at Mauves, a village on the road, nothing could be more gay than our journey at its commencement. I have forgotten to mention, that Mr. Younge and myself, at the proposal of the ladies, had sent our horses forwards, and therefore had taken our seats in the landau. The conversation of the ladies was so pleasing and so intelligent, that hereafter I adopted this proposal as often as it was offered, and as seldom as possible had recourse to my horse.

Mauves, which was our first stage, is most romantically situated on a hill, which forms one of the banks of the Loire. The country about it, in the richness of its woods, and the verdure of its meadows, most strongly reminded me of England; but I know of no scenery in England, which, together with this richness and variety of woodland and meadow, has such a beautiful river as the Loire to complete it in all the qualities of landscape. On each side of this river, from Nantes, are hills, which are wooded to the summit, and there are very few of

these wood-tufted hills, which have not their castle or ruined tower. In some of these ancient buildings there was scarcely any thing remaining but the two towers which guarded the grand portal; but others, being more durably constructed, were still habitable, though still retaining their ancient forms. I have frequently had occasion to observe, that the French gentry, in making their repairs, invariably follow the style of the building; whether through natural taste, or because they repair by piecemeal, and therefore do only what is wanted, I know not. But there is one necessary consequence from this practice, which is, that the remains of antiquity are more perfect in France than in any other kingdom in Europe. From Mauves to Oudon, where we dined, the country is still very thickly wooded and inclosed; the properties evidently very small, and therefore innumerable cottages and small gardens. These cottages usually consist of only one floor, divided into two rooms, and a shed behind. They were generally situated in orchards, and fronted the Loire. They had invariably one or two large trees, which are decorated with ribbons at sunset, as the signal for the dance, which is invariably observed in this part of France. Some of the peasant girls, which came out to us with fruit, were very handsome, though brown. The children, which were in great numbers, looked healthy, but were very scantily clad. None of them had more than a shift and a petticoat, and some of them, girls of ten or twelve years of age, only a shift tied round the waist by a coloured girdle. As seen at some distance, they reminded me very forcibly of the figures in landscape pictures.

We remained at Oudon 'till near sunset, when we resumed our road to Ancennis, where we intended to sleep. As this was only a distance of seven miles, we took it very leisurely, sometimes riding, and sometimes walking. The evening was as beautiful as is usual in the southern parts of Europe at this season of the year. The road was most romantically reclose, and so serpentine as never to be visible beyond an hundred yards. The nightingales were singing in the adjoining woods. The road, moreover, was bordered on each side by lofty hedges, intermingled with fruit trees, and even vines in full bearing. At every half mile a cross road, branching from the main one, led into the recesses of the country, or to some castle or villa on the high grounds which overlook the river. At some of these by-ways were very curious inscriptions, painted on narrow boards affixed to a tree. Such were, "The way to 'My Heart's Content' is half a league up this road, and then turn to the right, and keep on 'till you reach it." And another—"The way to 'Love's Hermitage' is up this lane, 'till you come to the cherry-tree by the side of a chalk-pit, where there is another direction." Mademoiselle Sillery informed me, that these

kind

kind of inscriptions were characteristic of the banks of the Loire. "The inhabitants along the whole course of this river," said she, "have the reputation, from time immemorial, of being all native poets; and the reputation, like some prophecies, has perhaps been the means of realizing itself. You do not perhaps know, that the Loire is called in the provinces the river of love; and doubtless, its beautiful banks, its green meadows, and its woody recesses, have what the musicians would call a symphony of tone with that passion." I have translated this sentence verbally from my note-book, as it may give some idea of Mademoiselle de Sillery. If ever figure was formed to inspire the passion of which she spoke, it was this lady. Many days and years must pass over before I forget our walk on the green road from Oudon to Ancennis, one of the sweetest, softest scenes in France.

We soon after reached Ancennis, a village on a green, surrounded by forests. Some of the cottages, as we saw them by moon-light, seemed most delightfully situated, and the village had altogether that air of quietness and rural retreat, which characterizes the scenery of the Loire. The neater cottages were situated in gardens very carefully cultivated, and so much in the style of England, that, but for some characteristic frivolities, I could scarcely believe myself in France. In every garden, or orchard, I invariably observed one tree distinguished above the rest; it had usually a seat around its trunk, and where its top was large enough, a railed seat, or what is called in America, a look-out, amongst its branches. I had the curiosity to ascend to some of these, for the garden gates were invariably only latched, and small pieces of wood were nailed to the trunk, so as to assist the ascent of the women. The branches, which formed the look-out, were carved with the names of the village beauties, and in one of the seats I found a French novel, and a very pretty paper-work box. I saw enough to conclude that Ancennis was not without the characteristic French elegance; and I must once for all say, that the manners of Marmontel are founded in nature, and that the daughters of the yeomanry and humbler farmers in France have an elegance, a vivacity, and a pleasantry, which is no where to be found out of France.

We shortly after resumed our progress, and passed through a country of the same kind as on the preceding day, alternate hill and valley. The Arno, as described by the Tuscan poets, for I have never seen it, must bear a strong resemblance to the Loire from Ancennis to Angers; nothing can be more beautiful than the natural distribution of lawn, wood, hill, and valley, whilst the river, which borders this scenery, is ever giving it a new form by its serpentine shape. The favourite images in the landscapes of the ancient painters here meet the eye almost

every league; cattle resting under the shade, and attentively viewing the river, while the country around is of a nature and character which the fancy of a poet would select for the haunt of Dian and her huntresses.

The peasantry, as many of them as we met, seemed to have that life and spirits the sure result of comfort; if they were not invariably well-cloathed, they seemed at least sufficiently so for the climate of the province. The younger women had dark complexions and shining black eyes; their shapes were generally good, and their air and vivacity, even in the lower ranks, such as peculiarly characterize the French people. If addressed, they were rather obliging than respectful, and had all of them a compliment at their tongues' end. It was not, indeed, easy to get rid of them with a mere word or question. I must add, however, that I am here describing their manner to Mr. Younge and myself. Towards the ladies it was somewhat different. When Madame or Mademoiselle spoke to them, they seemed modest and respectful in the extreme; to the latter, indeed, they were more familiar, and many of them, on giving the adieu after a ten minutes' conversation, very prettily embraced her, gently putting their arms round her neck, and kissing her left shoulder—a form of salutation very common in the French provinces. In a word, the more I saw of the French character, the more did I wish that the more weighty and valuable qualities of the English and American character, their honesty and their sincerity, were accompanied by the gentleness, the grace, the affectionate benevolence, which characterize the French manners.

Ingrande, where we dined, is the last town of the province of Bretagne, on the Loire, and thenceforwards we entered Anjou. It is a town of above three hundred houses, built round the base of a sandy hillock, the church being on the hill. The houses are intermingled with trees, and the country very prettily planted. It is not to be expected that the habitations in such a town could be any better than cottages; but they were tolerably clean, and not very ruinous.

We had now passed through the province of Bretagne as it lies along the Loire, and it is but justice to say, that in point of natural scenery, in the wildness and tranquillity which constitute what I should term the romance of landscape, it exceeds every thing in Europe. Along the banks of the Loire, France has meadows, the verdure of which will not sink in comparison with those of England. Along the banks of the Loire, moreover, France has woodlands, and lawns, and an intermixture of wood and water, and every possible variety of surface, which no country in the world but France can produce.

The

The Loire is perhaps the only river in Europe which is bordered by hills and hillocks, and which, in so long a course, so seldom passes through a mere dead level. Accordingly, from the earliest times of the French monarchy, the rising grounds of the Loire have been selected for the scites of castles, monasteries, abbeys, and chateaux, and as the possessors have superadded art to nature, this natural beauty of the grounds has been improving from age to age. The monks have been immemorially celebrated for their skill as well in the choice of their situations as in their improvement of natural advantages; their leisure and their taste, improved by learning, have naturally been employed on the scenes of their residence, on their vineyards, and their gardens. Innumerable are the still remaining vestiges of their taste and of their industry, and I have a most sincere satisfaction in thus doing them justice; in thus bearing my testimony, that, so far from being the drones of the land, there is no part of a province which they possessed, but what they have improved.

The scenery along the Loire has a character which I should think could not be found in any other kingdom, and on any other river. Towns, wind-mills, steeples, ancient castles, and abbeys still entire, and others with nothing remaining but their lofty walls; hills covered with vines, and alternate wood and corn-fields, altogether form a landscape, or rather a chain of landscapes, which remind one of a poem, and successively refresh, delight, animate, and exalt the imagination. Is there any one oppressed with grief for the loss of friends, or what is still more poignantly felt, for their ingratitude and unkindness? Let him traverse the banks of the Loire; let him appeal from man to nature, from a world of passion and vice, to scenes of groves, meads, and flowers. His must be no common sorrow who would not forget it on the banks of the Loire.

JOHN DE LANCASTER *and* AMELIA JONES,

A TALE.

(Continued from Page 753.)

WHEN the young and lovely orphan, Amelia Jones, was admitted to the presence of the venerable De Lancaster, no third person being there but the lady who introduced her, she had so far composed her spirits as to make her first approaches, and receive his compliments, under no other agitation than what served to set off the modest graces of her person and deportment to the best advantage. He led her to a chair, and placed himself by her side. After a pause of some short

short continuance, during which he had kept his eyes admiringly upon her, he turned to Cecilia, and said—

" I see you were resolved I should enjoy the pleasure of a surprise, for though you described in part what I was to expect, your description was far short of the original. I have seen my brother Morgan's portrait of Miss Jones's father, and I can trace a likeness."

" You would do that better," said Cecilia, " in a miniature, which, perhaps, Amelia has about her."

Amelia answered that she had not the miniature in her possession.

" Let it pass," rejoined De Lancaster, " we have matter of more moment to discourse upon. You will understand, Miss Jones, that by the will of the deceased lady, who had your interest so much at heart, you become invested with a claim upon us of a twofold nature; the one portion of my daughter in law's bequest to you is easily satisfied, for it is set down in the shape of a specific sum; the other, and the greater portion, being undefined, is an obligation that can never be fairly said to terminate so long as any thing shall remain undone on the part of my grandson, which, according to his interpretation of his mother's wishes, may seem necessary for your honour and advantage to be further done. John, however, is yet under age; on whom then, but on me, during his minority, does that obligation in its full extent devolve? I acknowledge it, I embrace it voluntarily, I will execute it religiously. You are my charge; you are my child, and in trust for my grandson I receive you into my adoption."

Amelia, half-rising from her seat, and pressing her clasped hands upon her bosom, bowed her head and wept. De Lancaster proceeded.

" How then am I to fulfil this duty? Surely not by deputy, not by assignment; I must not suffer you to live at a distance; you must discharge yourself as speedily as may be from your residence at Denbigh. Retain, if you see fit, Mrs. Jennings as a friend attached to you, but look to my Cecilia for those instructions, which are to regulate your morals, and that example, which is to form your manners. Henceforward I expect that you will regard Kray Castle as your proper home."

With this benevolent, but authoritative invitation Mr. De Lancaster concluded, when Cecilia, rightly conceiving that a creature, young and modest as Amelia, might find it difficult to suit her answer to a speech and speaker of such a style and character, kindly interposed by asking her in a familiar manner, whether she thought she could pass her time as much to her content at Kray Castle as at Denbigh.

" Ah, Madam," she replied, " I have good reason to be contented with the way in which I pass my time at Denbigh, but

I trust I need not say how much I feel the honour of being asked to Kray Castle, which of course would be so high a treat to me. I must acknowledge to you notwithstanding, that as I know of nothing that can entitle me to the kindness you are pleased to show me, I am fearful and alarmed, lest by stepping out of my obscurity I should be suspected of conceiving myself to be any other than what I really am, an orphan hitherto supported upon charity, and now at once provided for in a way, that offers comforts, which my parents did not possess, and affluence, which they had not to bequeath."

Here the good old man eagerly interposing, turned a kind approving smile upon Amelia, and said—

"There is a grace, my good child, in humility, which well befits your sex, your situation, and your time of life; but don't be more humble than the descendant of a good and ancient family ought to be; for the dignity of the stock is not to be degraded by the eventual sterility of any one of the branches. When we invite you to partake of the society of our family, you may be sure it is a pleasure that we are desirous to enjoy. If you, therefore, are pleased to consider our solicitation as a civility, how much more cause have we to set down your compliance as a favour? I must ever think, that when my guest brings with him the recommendatory properties of good birth, good manners, sense, and morals, he brings with him into my company what does me honour, let him be as bare of money as hard fate may make him. You seem to think that your ambition should be bounded by the specific sum bequeathed to you in the will of our newly-deceased friend, and rightly you would think, had nothing else been devised by the testatrix; but as this is not the case, and as the mother in her will lays further commands upon the son, don't suppose, because your moderation may conceive that much is done, that he will think there is no more to do."

As Mr. De Lancaster was addressing these words to the fair and gentle creature that was seated by his side, the person to whom they alluded at that instant entered the room. There are lights favourable and unfavourable, in which every human being will at different times be seen; this was decidedly one of the happiest moments which an artist could have seized for modelling, or a sensitive young damsel for contemplating, our hero John De Lancaster. As Amelia was rising from her seat upon his entrance, the address with which he hastened to replace her, and the gracefulness of the action, which accompanied it, were in the very best style of good breeding and politeness, as they were then understood and practised; as they are now better understood and more easily practised, no elegant lady would take the trouble to rise, and if an awkward miss attempted it, no elegant gentleman would be at the pains

to prevent her; ease is the grand desideratum of modern life, and no one makes a compliment of what every one helps himself to without ceremony.

The Wilsons, father and son, now joined the company, and whilst they drew off to the party of the senior De Lancaster, John took his seat between Amelia and his aunt, being thereunto invited by the latter.

"I have been soliciting Miss Jones to pass some time with us at the castle," said Cecilia.

"I am happy to hear it," John replied, "and I hope you have prevailed. I understand you go home to-morrow, and I must deny myself the gratification of attending upon you, for I feel it indispensably incumbent upon me to devote some few days to my grandfather Morgan, and to sundry things, which he wishes to be done in consequence of the mournful event that brought us hither; of course, so long as I can afford any consolation to that good and generous heart, which pain and sorrow conspire to oppress, I must wait 'till I am released, and in the mean while pace the solitary yew-tree walk without the hope of again enjoying that delightful vision, which I once most luckily chanced upon, but was speedily deprived of. I presume Miss Jones will be of your party to-morrow."

"That must be at her option," Cecilia observed; "there will be room in the coach, as our worthy colonel stays a few days longer with Mr. Morgan." Then turning to Amelia, she took her hand, and with a smile, that seemed prepared to welcome an excuse, said to her in a whisper—"How do you stand disposed, my dear? Will you go with my father and me to-morrow, or wait a few days 'till Colonel Wilson and my nephew can attend upon you?"

"I should naturally be most happy to go when you do," said Amelia, blushing, "but—"

"Aye," resumed Cecilia, "you would like that best, no doubt; but what, my dear? Something stands in the way of it—you are not ready I dare say—that is it, is it not?"

"Yes, Madam, it is. I have nothing with me here; all my things are at Denbigh; and I am persuaded Mrs. Jennings will expect me to go with her, and there will be a good deal to do."

"I am persuaded there will be a good deal," repeated Cecilia, "about as much to do, as will fill up your time 'till the coach shall return for the colonel and this gentleman, if we could suppose he would prefer it to his horse, which in fact would be to suppose he would do that which he has never done yet; our coach and crawling cattle move too slow for him."

"Not in all cases, my dear aunt, believe me. Not in your case, for instance, unless they were conveying me to you; then they would be slow indeed. If they were conveying you with

me, and were it possible that my poor company could content you, they could not spin out time, so pleasantly engaged, too long."

"Upon my word, nephew John, that is a very handsome compliment; but you are seated between two ladies, and I suspect, whilst you were saying it to one, you intended it for the other."

"Excuse me, Madam, that was not the case; it would, indeed, have been correctly true, had I ventured to have addressed it to the other lady; but 'till I can gain her confidence by my conduct, I will not court her good opinion by my compliments."

As he spake these words, Amelia, struck with the turn he had given to Cecilia's raillery, raised her bright eyes, and for the first time fixing them without a blush steadily upon him, said with an energy, that seemed to carry her beyond herself—

"You answer nobly, Sir! My father would have honoured you for that sentiment."

This said, she rose from her seat, and with her rose the company; the venerable old butler having given notice that the hour was come, when, according to family custom (then very generally honoured and observed) they were called upon to offer up their praises and petitions to the author of their being, and dispenser of their blessings.

(To be continued.)

MEMOIR *of* Dr. HAWES.

(Continued from Page 750.)

IN 1796, Dr. Lettsom, who had succeeded Mr. Horsfall as treasurer of the humane society, resigned, and Dr. Hawes was chosen his successor. He needed not the stimulus of being elected to fill this honourable office of the society to increase his exertions in advancing its interests, or to animate his ardour in promoting its views. He had previously discharged that laborious part of the treasurer's office, which consists in examining into the claims for rewards, and paying them. He had, consequently, to continue these exertions in addition to the other duties attached to this office. Indeed, a man of less ardour, or zeal, or activity, must have failed in raising the humane society to that degree of eminence which it now possesses. The tide of prejudice, for many years, ran very strong against a set of men, who presumed, or pretended, to bring the dead to life.

" Our first and chief difficulty," the doctor remarks, " was to remove that destructive incredulity which prevailed. Our attempts were treated, not only by the vulgar, but by some of the learned, even by men of eminence as physicians and philosophers, as idle and visionary, and placed upon a level with professing to raise the dead. The well-authenticated narratives from abroad were considered as fabulous; or, at least, as greatly exaggerated. Such prejudices were first to be removed, and they could only be removed by incontestible facts of our own. Happily, the animated exertions and early subscriptions of a few individuals enabled us to produce them before our little fund was exhausted."

There was another obstacle to the rapid success of the humane society. In other institutions the subscribers have the means of affording relief to some sick or distressed neighbour; they have a something at their own disposal, some good they can personally confer, when an application is made to them for that purpose; but in this there is nothing of the kind. Let it not, however, be forgotten, that its patrons and promoters have the godlike satisfaction of knowing they contribute towards preserving the lives of many of their fellow-creatures from premature death. They have too, a gratification of a most rational and very superior kind afforded them at the anniversary festivals; they see men, women, and children, walk in solemn procession, and expressing, as they pass, their fervent gratitude to God and their benefactors; these have been rescued from an untimely grave; and those who support this institution contribute, humanely contribute to the preservation of their lives, and their restoration to their relatives and friends. This is one of the most interesting and affecting scenes a man of feeling can witness; it seldom fails to cause the tear of kindness and sympathy to steal down the cheek of the spectator.

Under the difficulties which have been mentioned, therefore, it most certainly required all the energy, the patient forbearance, and the unremitting perseverance of Dr. Hawes to place the society in that state of respectability and permanence in which he has left it, and to which such a cause is justly entitled. The doctor asserts, and who will not believe him? that he " always felt happy in announcing to the public, from year to year, that the glorious cause, for the extension of which the humane society was established, was advancing in public favour and increasing success." He could " not repress the sensations of almost parental pleasure, which he felt in the survey of the rising state and rapidly increasing importance of an institution, the establishment and promotion of which had employed the best part of his life."

He

He declares too, that "all his labours were amply rewarded, in beholding this institution arrive at a maturity which promises to resist the fate of the varying fashions, that rise and sink in the stream of time." He assures us that "he was abundantly consoled, and even remunerated, for all his cares, all his anxieties, and all his solicitudes, when he considered and reflected on the stability which the humane society had acquired in the conviction of the public mind." And he was persuaded it will be enabled "to diffuse its blessings to the human race, when providence shall no longer permit him to be the agent in administering these blessings to his fellow-creatures, or the feeble organ of recording these noblest efforts of humanity, for the information and instruction of unborn ages."

This period is too soon arrived; we have to lament, though we may acquiesce in, that dispensation of divine providence which has deprived the humane society of his invaluable services. He will long live in its grateful remembrance, and in the grateful remembrance of his country and of mankind. He not only proposed the establishment* of this truly humane and most valuable institution, but he fostered it from its birth; he protected it with all the attention, solicitude, and interest of a parent, through the critical periods of infancy and youth; and he reared it, by a prudent and discriminating vigilance for its welfare and utility, to its present vigorous state of manhood.

Though the humane society was the object of Dr. Hawes's peculiar affection and unceasing solicitude, he was not regardless of other charitable institutions of the metropolis, and to the greater part of which he was a contributor. His private benefactions, however, far exceeded those that were public. Indeed, no man could be more alive to distress of every kind than he was; and to a great variety of which he was a constant witness in his attendance on the poor, as physician to the Lon-

* Dr. Towers, in addressing the general court of directors of the society, relative to Dr. Hawes, in 1776, amongst other things, thus speaks of him:—

"To the well-known humanity of his disposition, and to that activity of benevolence for which he is so remarkable, this society, in a great degree, owes its origin. The reasonableness and utility of an institution of this kind had been very early seen by him, and therefore he had laboured to promote it with a diligence and an ardour that will ever do him honour. Indeed, before the establishment of this society, he had publicly advertised rewards for notice to be brought him of any persons in such situations, within a reasonable distance from his own habitation, as those who are now the objects of this institution; which was the strongest demonstration of his solicitude to promote so benevolent a design; and that afterwards by joining with his worthy colleague, Dr. Cogan, in adopting the necessary measures for establishing the present institution, he performed a real service to his country."

don and Surry dispensaries. He often found them more in want of nourishment than medicine; in some cases he would afford them the means of procuring this nourishment; but, generally, he ordered the butcher, baker, or publican, who lived in the neighbourhood of the patient, to send in meat, bread, or porter, at stated times; thus most effectually relieving their wants, and essentially contributing to the health of many, whom medical science would have in vain attempted to restore. Instances, too, have frequently occurred of his overtaking persons in the street, whom he knew to be in want, of taking his hand from his pocket and putting the means of relief into their hand, and passing quickly on to prevent them overwhelming him with their gratitude. The instances of his benevolence, humanity, and real charity, must have been very numerous; for many of those which are known have been incidentally discovered.

After what has been said, it is unnecessary to say of Dr. Hawes that he was indefatigable in the execution of his designs, or that his designs were always of public utility, or private beneficence. He employed much time laboriously and advantageously, which most men spend in sleep. He was accustomed to be in his study by five o'clock in the morning, and sometimes as early as four.

The doctor's person was slender, and his constitution what would be considered delicate; but his habits of temperance, regularity, and early rising, were highly favourable to health, and contributed equally, no doubt, with the benevolence of his disposition and the usefulness of his life, to that vivacity and cheerfulness which were habitual to him in an extraordinary degree. His manner to all was kind and conciliating; his temper was frank and generous. In all his transactions he was open and unsuspecting as noon day. In his friendships he was sincere and unreserved. In his family he was the cheerful companion, the affectionate friend, the indulgent father, the attentive and kind husband. His highest gratification, indeed, was to see those around him happy, and to contribute, by every means in his power, to increase their pleasures and promote their comfort.

In the course of the last few years Dr. Hawes suffered two or three severe attacks of disease, from which, however, he quickly recovered; but his friends remarked, in this period, a general and considerable declension of his powers: his countenance was less healthy and animated than heretofore; his gait was less active, and his step less firm. In the autumn of last year he felt the gradual approaches of a disease in his bladder, which, though at first unattended with pain, yet subjected him then to much inconvenience and disturbance, and ultimately proved both agonizing and mortal. That organ,

after

after losing its retentive power for some weeks, was suddenly attacked on the 6th of November with a violent inflammatory affection, accompanied with extreme pain, which, in the progress of the disease, recurred in frequent and excruciating paroxysms, together with copious discharge of mucus, occasionally, hæmorrhage and admixtures of offensive purulent matter and fibrous sloughs, which denoted the most serious morbid changes in its internal structure.

The doctor bore the miseries attendant on this distressing malady, with more patience and fortitude than could have been expected of a man not inured to pain; and he discovered, throughout his affliction, the most affectionate and exuberant gratitude for the attentions he received. In truth, he was never so much overcome by his sufferings, as by his emotions and expressions of thankfulness to those around him.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Country-House, and a House in the Country.

MR. EDITOR,

AS there may be some little interval between the taking of Flushing and Antwerp, I hope you will find room to represent the grievances of a man who dates all his misfortunes from that which forms the hopes and happiness of two-thirds of his fellow-citizens, I mean the possession of a *country-house*.

Influenced by my wife and family, and by the physician and apothecary, who, I verily believe, were in league with them, to persuade me that a city, at this season of the year, is very pernicious to the health, and on Sundays absolutely fatal to human life and happiness; I say, Sir, teazed, tormented, and half convinced by these arguments, in an evil hour, I took a *country-house*—a house, Sir, in which I was taught to believe that I could enjoy the calm pleasures of rural solitude, unruffled by the buzz of promiscuous society, and the many external and discordant noises which disturb the auricular faculties of citizens.

A *country-house* I took, and that it might be the more *convenient*, within five miles of B——, close to a road through which stages were hourly passing and re-passing, so that any of my family might have a *lift*, as it is called, at a very trifling expence, besides the great *convenience* of errand-carts, return-chaises, and other vehicles for lumber or pleasure.

But, Sir, let no quiet citizen henceforth hire a house that is beset with so many *conveniencies*, and let him know, by my hard fate,

fate, that the *conveniencies* he enjoys may be enjoyed by others; that the carriages that are hourly passing and re-passing may convey those whom he does not wish to see, and that a house within five miles of B——, on a public road, is a fair mark for loungers, idlers, and consumers of time and provisions. I had not been *quietly* settled a fortnight at my country-house, when I found it turned into an *inn*, or a *Sunday ordinary*, a *cake-house*, a *tea-drinking place*, and, in short, every thing but what I intended.

In an evil hour I praised the *convenience* of my house—how could my friends believe me without *witnessing* them? I spoke of my lofty rooms—they *must dine* in them; of my excellent bed-chambers—they must *stay a night* with me; of my garden and fruit—they must pluck it *with their own hands;* of my fine arched cellar—they must *taste my wine;* and of the many pleasant rides in the neighbourhood—they must *come down for a week!*

I vainly hoped for one day of quiet. Sunday, emphatically styled a *day of rest*, I thought I could depend upon. Alas! Sir, it is with me a day of bustle and perplexity. Although I have neither *licence* nor *profits*, I am all day providing for my guests, who are so good-natured as to praise the contents of my pantry and my cellar in the most extravagant terms. There is no *port* in the country equal to mine; my *Madeira* is better calculated for gouty habits than any that ever passed the line; and my *hock* is so healthful in hot weather, and so little disposed to turn acid on the stomach, that the greatest compliment they can pay me is to use it as a *substitute* for *malt liquor!*

Sir, I once tried what an early hour would do. Loving to have all my children and grand-children about me on a Sunday, I fixed my dinner-hour at three o'clock, fondly thinking I should bilk those *impromptu* visitors, who are then only drawing on their boots, and thinking which way they shall set their horses' heads, and upon whom they shall inflict a visitation. But let no simple soul depend on his cunning. My three o'clock scheme made no other alteration but this, that what I called *dinner* became a *luncheon* to my visitors, who having eat and drank some of my *excellent light wines*, departed just in time to gallop five miles farther, and dine with another friend, who does business of that kind in the *evening*. And scarcely are they gone, when they are replaced by another set, who having been compelled to dine with *old Squaretoes* at his d—d hour of *half past two*, pop in on me, to tell me the news, and taste that *curious claret* they had heard so much about!

I have only to add, that the present summer has contributed not a little to my grievances—so many wet evenings, "one could not turn out a dog in such weather;" and my *beds* are

so

so excellent, many of my friends never slept *so sound* any where, and then a ride next morning is *so pleasant*—the *dust* laid. Even when the weather is as favourable as can be wished, yet the *cool of the morning* has so many charms, that my *spare beds* (I wish there had never been such a piece of furniture invented) are all occupied; and were you to hear of all my *excellencies* and *conveniencies*, you would be puzzled to know whether I was most renowned as the keeper of an *inn*, a *tavern*, or an *hotel*.

But an end must be put to these things, and I hereby give notice, that if any town gentleman wishes to go into this *line of business*, I shall be happy to treat with him for the lease of the house; he shall have the *good will* for nothing. I cannot, however, conclude without mentioning the opinion of a friend to whom I lately communicated my grievances. After a short pause, and striking his forehead, he exclaimed—"Mr. Placid, I have hit it! I have hit it! all your distresses arise from this one mistake—you took a *country-house* instead of a *house in the country!*"

I am, Sir, your's, &c.
HUM. PLACID.

GENERAL LASALLE.

THE body of General Count Lasalle, killed in the battle of Wagram has been conveyed to Paris for interment. The following biographical sketch of this distinguished officer is extracted from the Journal de l'Empire, of the 7th instant:—

Death has snatched away an officer of rare merit, at the age of 34 years. Cherished and honoured by his family, his friends, and his soldiers, General Count Lasalle has left a great example to some, and a memory dear to all. He was born at Metz, on the 10th of May, 1775, of a noble family of that city. He embraced the profession of arms from a very tender age. So early as 1786 he served in a regiment of Alsace as an officer. Impatient to distinguish himself, he had sought an opportunity in vain, when the revolution opened a vast career to those whose genius destined them to a command over others. But a new prejudice had succeeded to an old one. The birth of the Count Lasalle, which had opened to him the road to military honours, deprived him of his rank. He forgets that he had commanded—he conceals his name and his services in the rear ranks of the 23d regiment of mounted chasseurs, and, like Tabert, his great uncle, he retains nothing but his native courage. He soon attracted notice. His regi-

ment served in the army of the north, and he obtained the rank of a corporal. Followed by some chasseurs of his company, he attacked and took a battery. The report of this action reached the commander in chief. He saw young Lasalle, and made him an officer.

In Italy, at the head of 18 horsemen, he met 100 hussars of the enemy, and did not hesitate a moment to charge them. The hundred Austrian hussars, electrified by a French cavalier, yield to the impetuosity of 18 men. Carried away by his ardour, he went astray in pursuit of the enemy, and found himself alone in the middle of four hussars, who rush upon him. He fights these four adversaries, wounds all the four, and rejoins his little band, who had despaired of him as lost.

The battle of Rivoli added to the glory which he had already acquired. The enemy occupied a height which commanded the plain; they must be driven from it; and it is Lasalle who was chosen by him, who knew so well how to select among men the person most fit to execute an enterprise as perilous as honourable. The enemy is driven from one position to another, and the modest victor returns charged with colours and laurels, which he lays at the feet of his general. The emperor says to him—"Rest yourself under these colours, Lasalle, you have done well."

His services in Egypt procured for him the rank of colonel. He returned from Egypt to gather fresh laurels in Italy. He was made a general of brigade in the campaign of 1805 against Austria.

In 1806, in the war against Prussia, General Lasalle dared alone, at the head of two regiments of cavalry, to attack a strong place, and success justified the attempt which appeared so rash.

Stettin opens its gates; a garrison of 6000 men, and also 100 pieces of cannon, fell into the hands of the victor.

At the battle of Heilsberg, Lasalle was every where at the head of his light cavalry. By one of those inexplicable chances which frequently happen in extensive war, the grand duke of Berg, now king of Naples, was enveloped by twelve of the enemy's dragoons. Lasalle has not time to reflect, nor to give orders. His heart carries off. He rushes alone upon the enemy, with the rapidity of lightning, slays the officer who commands the detachment, and puts the rest to flight. In a few hours after Lasalle is enveloped in his turn, while abandoning himself to his impetuosity. The grand duke of Berg perceives the danger of his deliverer. He flies to his succour, rescues him, and embracing him, says—"General, we are quit."

The war in Spain opened to General Lasalle a new career of glory. With a corps of 6000 infantry, and only 800 cavalry,

he fought at Torquemada a Spanish army of 27,000 men, and took all its cannon. Pursuing his success, he gained a second victory before Palencia; and that city, although defended by a river, and a numerous garrison, was obliged, as well as Valladolid, to surrender at discretion. Charged with the administration of the Spanish provinces which had submitted, he made the new government beloved among them. He was no longer that formidable man whom they had only known by his exploits. Persuasion flowed from his lips; goodness was painted in his countenance; delicacy and honour were the rule of his conduct, and gained him the hearts of all.

Cuesta twice conquered, and Blake, who was ambitious of the honour of fighting the French, had assembled an army of 40,000 men. The duke of Istria had not more than 12,000 to oppose to them. A terrible battle took place at Medina-del-Rio-Secco. The fate of this day was for a long time uncertain. General Lasalle decided the victory by a charge at the head of the 10th and 22d regiments of chasseurs. In a few days after this memorable action, he was appointed grand officer of the legion of honour.

When the French army made a retrogade movement upon Vittoria, Lasalle was charged with the command of the rearguard. He checked the enemy by the skill of his manœuvres, and merits the praise of the commander in chief, and every intelligent officer.

The emperor appeared in Spain. Every thing yields in a moment to his inconceivable ascendant. While his majesty was fighting in person the almost innumerable army of Castile, Lasalle, with his two regiments of chasseurs, attacked and forced Burgos, where a division of the enemy was entrenched. Twelve pieces of cannon, and 17 standards, were the fruits of this new victory.

At Villariezo, he orders his faithful chasseurs to follow him, and, with them, takes 17 pieces of cannon, and four standards.

At Medelin he rushed among the ranks of the enemy, at the head of the 4th regiment of cuirasiers, kills every thing that opposes him, and it is to him that France is indebted for the success of that day.

Called to the army of Germany, General Lasalle has terminated his illustrious, but short career, by new feats of arms, meriting the praise and regret of his majesty.

REFLECTION.

HAPPY is the man who conscientously endeavours uniformly to discharge the duties of his appointed station.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to R. J. Paget's Rebus, inserted the 31st of July.

I Think your meaning is a PUN,
Which often causes mirth and fun.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. Price, of Yeovil; H. B. of Bridgewater; G. W. Jones, and J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; and W. Petherick, of St. Austell.

Answer, by J. W. Jones, to Vigil's Rebus, inserted August 7.

THE wealthy BARON, with an eager eye,
Surveys his MANOR, less content than I.

*** Similar answers have been received from W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; T. Kite, Stockland; J. Price, Yeovil; C. J. Nimnis, of the Cornish artillery; and G. W. Jones.

A REBUS, *by J. C. of Ottery St. Mary.*

A Foreign fruit first call to mind;
My next a well-known liquid, find;
An English coin, my third, select;
Now for my next a fish detect;
My last a reptile, gents. surmise,
Now name my whole without disguise,
Doubtless it is before your eyes.

A REBUS, *by J. M. Matthews, of Dartmouth.*

MY first's the produce of a tree;
An insect must my second be;
Thirdly, a vowel make appear;
An interjection forms the rear:
These parts an insect will reveal,
Whose bite sweet music's charms will heal.

A CHARADE, *by John Kerby, of Helstone.*

ONE of the British navy bring to light,
My first you then will have in sight;
Part of yourself must next be found,
Which will my second soon expound:
The whole, when join'd in order true,
Will shew what's oft worn with the shoe.

A CHARADE, *by J. Whitnell, of Street.*

MY first is where the infant rests,
When under kind protection;
Part of my whole I pray suggest,
My second in perfection:
My first and second when found out,
And rightly you've connected,
And then will be, without a doubt,
My plumy whole's detected.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

THE SEASONS.

HOW sweet is lovely spring!
Forth from her shady bowers
See the soft goddess bring
Embryo summer flowers:
So infancy is sweet to see,
Fair-promising maturity.

The rose and lily fair
Now rear their stately heads,
And summer o'er the air
A mingled perfume sheds:
Thus infancy extends its span,
And blooms and blossoms into man.

But short are brightest days;
Summer her triumph yields;
And fruitful autumn sways
His sceptre o'er the fields:
So grave experience nurtures youth,
And yields the golden harvest, truth.

Then winter nature shrouds,
For snow arrays the plain,
But hope can pierce his clouds,
And look to spring again:
So hope can soothe our mortal doom,
And paint a spring beyond the tomb.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

MORNING: A SONNET.

LO! gloomy night retires in mantle dun;
The lamp of heav'n the eastern sky illumes;
Bold chanticleer his matin has begun;
Aurora fair her smiling reign resumes.

The glorious sun ascending still more bright,
Array'd in splendid majesty appears;
Above yon mountain ting'd with shining light,
The soaring lark her flutt'ring wings uprears.

With love and harmony the grove rebounds;
Each busy insect hails the new-born day;
From murmuring rills arise sweet-soothing sounds;
Across the lawn refreshing zephyrs play.

To God, Oh man! an holy anthem raise,
Unite with nature's voice, and sing thy Maker's praise.

Tiverton, July. R. LOOSEMORE.

THE PREPARATION FOR "THE BABY-BALL."

[From Polwhele's "Family Pictures."]

BUT shall fine fingers, that as rose-buds glow,
With vulgar flippancy essay to sew?
Shall radiant eyes, that all the world bewitch,
Ache, in pale stupour, o'er the tedious stitch?
Yes! and each little heart with transport heaves,
As fancy wanders o'er the mimic leaves;
As hopes, impatient for the promis'd hour,
Brush the fair blooms, and flit from flower to flower;
And fears, that all the bright embroidery skim,
With transitory shade its foliage dim;
And jealousies along the silver stray,
Pant on each thread, and melt in mists away!
And lo! the work to full perfection swells!
How flutter the boy-beaux and baby-belles!

ON GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

HOW bless'd are those who first endow'd this pile,
A gem so worthy of this favour'd isle!
For here the seaman all his cares foregoes,
Salutes old age, and smiles at former woes,
Talks of fam'd heroes, victories, and wars,
Recounts his wounds, and proudly shews his scars.
Then thanks kind Heaven that his bark is moor'd,
From perils free, from winds and waves secur'd.

The blind, the lame, and sickly, here repose,
Their pains are lessen'd, lighten'd are their woes;
A placid stilness occupies the scene,
Unlike to those where they've victorious been.
The wretched once are wretched now no more—
They're anchor'd here as on a welcome shore;
Their sails are furl'd, their arduous labours cease,
And here they meet with happiness and peace.

LEOPOLD.

SONG.

[Translated from the German Language.]

UNNOTIC'D in the lonely mead,
A vi'let rear'd its modest head,
A sweet and lovely flower!
A blooming maid came tripping by,
With vacant heart and gladsome eye,
In youth's light giddy hour.

Ah thought the vi'let—had I now
The rose's matchless form and glow!
Tho' transient, joy were mine;
To be but pluck'd by that dear maid,
And on her virgin bosom laid,
Would be a fate divine!

The lovely maid, with careless tread,
Trod the sweet flower in its bed,
Nor *there* a look she cast;
It sunk, it died—and yet was gay—
"Thus let me die!" was heard to say,
"At her feet breathe my last!"